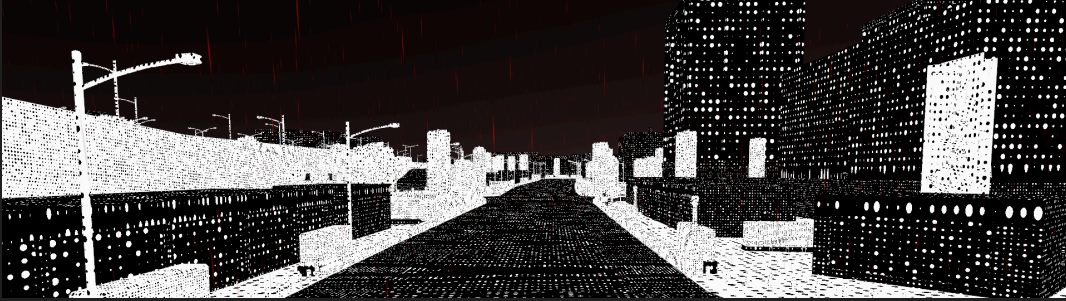


## Concept Pitch: The Red Rain Case (Working Title)



All visual aid found in this document is from a working proof of concept for the game.

Logline: In a city frozen in time beneath pouring red rain, you embody The Detective, a faceless and impartial arbiter of truth, incapable of distinguishing between humans, who rewinds and fast-forwards individuals' actions to uncover the mystery behind a string of vanishings.

Purpose Statement: The Red Rain Case seeks to strip detective fiction to its bare essence: the pursuit of truth not through exposition and guidance, but through impartial observation of human action. By suspending the world in time and presenting every character other than The Detective with the same silhouette, the game creates a stage where every minute action becomes critical evidence, and where deduction arises not from dialogue prompts or guided clues, but from the player's interpretation of behavior. In doing so, the game reimagines the detective story as an exercise in expression, offering players a framework to explore, rewind, and reinterpret until their own construction of truth emerges.

Summary: Five years ago, Julian Raines, a celebrated jazz musician, vanished the day after announcing his early retirement. His disappearance left no evidence and quickly turned into local legend. On the fifth anniversary of his vanishing, a twelve year old boy disappeared without a trace, followed by a string of others in the months that followed. As fear and distrust spread, the city reached a breaking point. At that moment, time froze, red rain fell, and The Detective appeared. A faceless figure existing outside the flow of time, The Detective arrives only when lies and uncertainty overwhelm a city. Using the ability to stop, rewind, and fast-forward the actions of its frozen citizens, The Detective seeks to uncover the truth behind the disappearances and the legacy of Julian Raines.

Experiential Passage: Crimson rain showers a city frozen in time, harkening your arrival as truth's silent witness. The drops descend in endless rhythm, the only motion permitted within a world otherwise stilled. Every figure in the streets is suspended mid-gesture, their forms stripped of identity, their silence absolute. You methodically saunter through the suspended snapshot, your footsteps devoid of sound, ensuring you leave no trace of your existence when the fog clears. You are stopped in your tracks by a peculiar sight.

At the center of the road, a body lies face down against the stone, arms bent awkwardly beneath its weight. The rain outlines the shape of the collapse, running along its surface, pooling in quiet evidence. You approach the body, and drag it outside the rational flow of time, indicated by the showering rain coming to a complete halt. In order to pursue the truth behind this body's state, you calmly decide to rewind its actions. The body reverses its fall, awkwardly rising with its limbs gathering from under it, its form lifting upright as the formerly frozen rain begins rising upwards. The head violently snaps backwards into a comparatively normal, yet noticeably pained natural stance. The figure resumes motion in reverse, each backward step slow and uneven. An overwhelming fatigue is visible in the slack rhythm of their gait. You carry the record farther back until the path yields nothing new.

Gaining everything from the reversed flow of time, you let the record run forward. The rain resumes its descent, now at a rapid speed. The same tired walk replays, step by step, until a sudden jolt snaps through the body, head driven off-line, torso thrown, legs failing. The figure strikes the street and lies still under the red weather. Time continues. After a long interval, the body gathers itself, presses up, and reaches full height for a breath. However, its balance breaks and the figure once again comes tumbling down. The knees take the weight and the palms slap late against the stone. You are left puzzled and in thought, struggling to derive the truth from what you've just seen. Yet you are nonetheless determined to find out, as you release the figure from the irregular clutches of time and continue walking through the city deep in thought.

# THE RED RAIN CASE: ACT STRUCTURE

## *Act 1: Julian Raines' Legacy*

Despite his lot as a local jazz musician in the quiet and uneventful Crimson City, Julian Raines was a pillar of his local community in the bars and avenues of Crimson City. In conversation he could be distant and eccentric to a fault, his thoughts drifting into metaphor until meaning slipped out of other people's reach. But the moment he raised his trumpet and partner, Stella, that distance fell away. The city learned what he meant not by what he said, but by how he sounded: long, lucid lines that let the inner shape of his very soul pass cleanly into the air, sounds that would fully enrapture the hearts of every witness. His music conveyed a man who sought to change the world with just his lips and his beloved Stella. However, after what many still insist was his most breathtaking performance, Raines suddenly announced that he had nothing left to say. He retired on the spot. The next morning he was gone, Stella loyally vanishing alongside him. No note, no witness, no trace, as if the man and the instrument had been a shared dream the city awoke from far too quickly.

*This information will be parced to the player through the in-game case files and the intro cutscene*

## *Act 2: A City on the Verge of Collapse*

Over the next 5 years, Raines name, voice, and the sounds of his soul made manifest through Stella's aid, gradually vanished within the city's collective consciousness. However, those memories came flooding back in everyone's minds the morning young Aaron Hayes's parents opened their twelve year old's bedroom door and found no trace of him. More unexplained vanishings followed in the weeks and months after with increasing rapidity, each disappearance left only silence in its place. Four months later, with distrust carrying from corner to corner and no truth steady enough to stand on, something in the city gave way, everyone could feel something intangible break. Time stopped. Every figure in motion froze mid-gesture, and crimson rain began to fall in an unending sheet. It was the omen that brought along the arrival of the physical incarnation of truth.

*Primarily conveyed through the intro cutscene, and will be further implied through the interactive investigation and deduction*

## *Act 3: Truth's Messenger Arrives*

The Detective entered the city under that red rain. A tall, featureless outline in a long coat and brimmed hat, moving without hurry and without voice. He did not see faces, he could not tell one voice from another, even scent meant nothing to him. Time remained stopped for the city as a whole, but he could draw an individual out of that stillness and let their body run backward or forward along its own line of action, then return them back to their frozen state. He walked Crimson City end to end, examining every individual's most minute actions and mannerisms across time. Through cases of battery from unknown sources, screams of confused chaos, secretive conversations, and bizarre pathways walked by people who do not return from them, it all clicked.

*Act 3 encompasses the core investigative gameplay loop of silently walking through the frozen city, and rewinding/fastforwarding the respective citizens to cipher information.*

## *Act 4: The Red Rain Case Resolves*

The truth was as sinister as it was shrouded in enigma. Julian Raines longed to change the world, yet his music reached only the narrow hearts of Crimson City while the greater world remained unmoved. Convinced his sound was incomplete, he withdrew with Stella into an abandoned cabin, playing without rest for five years, driving himself to the edge of madness. Out of this obsession, he discovered a new voice, one so powerful it drew all who heard it into his orbit, unable to resist the call. Each disappearance was not an abduction, but a devotion, with citizens abandoning everything but the clothes on their back to follow him. The moment in which the city had reached its breaking point, was the moment in which Raines had found all of his "chosen," guiding them into a plan to raze Crimson City in chaos, then raise upon its ashes a monument to himself and Stella. Yet the vision was never realized. With the full truth unveiled, Raines and his followers vanished in a divine stroke, their lies becoming reality as penance for their obstruction of truth. The rain ceased, time resumed, and The Detective faded, leaving no trace but clarity.

*The concluding act covers the deduction side of the gameplay loop, as well as the final epilogue cutscene.*

## Character Pitch: The Detective

Purpose Statement: In order to supplement the game's holistic purpose statement of inviting expressive deduction and investigation, The Detective exists as an objective divine ideation of truth that the player experiences the narrative through.

Backstory: The Detective's origin and very existence is a mystery shrouded in dense fog. Some whisper he was once a man who sought truth so deeply that he was remade in its image. Others believe he is no man at all, but a supernatural manifestation of the very concept of truth. What is known is that when truth is obscured, The Detective will emerge in a city without a history, without attachments, and without the ability to discern between humans' faces, voices, or scents, and freezing it in time as he methodically pursues the truth within it. Once the fog is cleared, The Detective fades away as if he never existed to begin with.

Personality: A speechless specter with complete detachment and impervious objectivity, mechanically roaming in pursuit of absolute truth.

Abilities: *The ability to step outside the flow of time: stopping, rewinding and fast-forwarding the actions of any individual of his choosing. He also covers any city he arrives in with specific weather phenomena reflecting the city's heart.*

### Visual Description:

*A silhouetted figure clad in a long, heavy coat and a wide-brimmed hat. Their face is entirely devoid of physical features, just a blank canvas lacking emotion or bias.*



Sample Dialogue (if The Detective was hypothetically able to speak):

*The Detective*: "Time bends, but it does not lie. In its fragments, the truth remains."

*The Detective*: "Life exists within a collective flow, and the destination of that flow is never dishonest."

*The Detective*: "No face is singular, no voice is unique, only actions separate one life from another."